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A WOMAN KILDE with Kindneſſe.

As it hath beene oftentimes Acted by the Queenes Maieſt. Seruants.

Written by THO. HEYWOOD.

The third Edition.

LONDON,
Printed by Iſaac Iaggard, 1617.

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The Prologue,

I Come but as a Harbinger, being ſent
To tell you what theſe preparations meane:
Looke for no glorious State, our Muſe is bent
Vpon a barren ſubiect, a bare Scœne.
We could affoord this twig a Timber tree,
Whoſe ſtrength might boldly on your fauours build;
Our Ruſſet, Tiſſew; Drone, a Hony-Bee;
Our barren plot, a large and ſpacious field;
Our courſe fare, Banquets; Our thin water, wine;
Our Brooke, a Sea; Our Bats eyes, Eagles ſight;
Our Poets dull and earthy Muſe, Diuine;
Our Rauens, Doues; Our Crowes blacke Feathers, white.
But gentle thoughts when they may giue the foyle,
Saue them that yeeld, and ſpare where they may ſpoyle.

The Prologue.

Enter M. John Frankford, Mistris Anne, Sir Francis Acton, Sir Charles Mountford, Master Malby, Master Wendell, and M. Cranwel.

Francis. SOme Musicke there : none leade the Bride a dance?

Charles. Yes, would she dance the shaking of the sheets: But that's the dance her Husband meanes to leade her.

Wend. That's not the dance that euery man must dance, according to the Ballet.

Fran. Musicke ho: By your leaue Sister; by your Husbands leaue I should haue said : the hand that but this day Was giuen you in the church, I'le borrow : Sound, This marriage Musicke hoists me from the ground.

Frank. I, you may caper, you are light, and free, Mariage hath yoak'd my heeles, pray pardon me.

Francis. Ile haue you dance too, Brother.

Charles. Master *Frankford*, Y'are a happy man Sir; and much ioy Succeede your marriage mirth : you haue a wife So qualified, and with such ornaments Both of the minde and body. First, her birth Is Noble, and her education such As might become the daughter of a Prince : Her own tongue speaks all Tongues, and her owne hand Can teach all strings to speake in their best grace, From the shril'st Treble, to the hoarsest Base. To end her many praises in one word,

Shee's Beauty and Perfections eldeſt daughter,
Only found by yours, thogh many a hart hath ſought hir
Frank. But that I know your vertues & chaſt thoughts,
I ſhould be iealous of your praiſe Sir *Charles.*
Cran. He ſpeakes no more then you approue.
Malby. Nor flatters he that giues to her her due.
Anne. I would your praiſe could find a fitter theame
Then my imperfect beauty to ſpeake on;
Such as they be, if they my husband pleaſe,
They ſuffice me now I am married:
His ſweet content is like a flatt'ring glaſſe,
To make my face ſeeme fairer to mine eye:
But the leaſt wrinkle from his ſtormy brow,
Will blaſt the Roſes in my cheekes that grow.
Francis. A perfect wife already, meeke and patient;
How ſtrangely the word Husband fits your mouth:
Not married three houres ſince Siſter, 'tis good;
You that begin betimes thus, muſt needs proue
Pliant and dutious in your Husbands loue;
Gramercies brother, wrought her too't already:
Sweete Husband, and a curt'ſie the firſt day:
Marke this, marke this, you that are Batchellers,
And neuer tooke the grace of honeſt man,
Marke this againſt you marry this one phraſe:
In a good time that man both wins and wooes,
That takes his wife downe in her wedding ſhooes.
Frank. Your ſiſter takes not after you Sir *Francis,*
All his wilde blood your Father ſpent on you:
He got her in his age, when he grew ciuill;
All his mad trickes were to his land intail'd,
And you are heyre to all: your Siſter, ſhe
Hath to her Dowre, her Mothers modeſtie.
Char. Lord ſir, in what a happy ſtate liue you;
This morning, which (to many) ſeemes a burthen, too

Heauy to beare, is vnto you a pleaſure.
This Lady is no clog, as many are;
She doth become you like a well-made ſuite,
In which the Tailor hath vſ'd all his Art:
Not like a thicke coate of vnſeaſon'd Freeze
Forc'd on your backe in Sommer; ſhee's no chaine
To tie your necke, and curbe ye to the yoake;
But ſhee's a chaine of Gold to adorne your necke:
You both adorne each other, and your hands
Me thinkes are matches; there's equality
In this faire combination; y'are both Schollers,
Both yong, both being deſcended Nobly:
There's Muſicke in this ſympathy, it carries
Conſort, and expectation of much ioy,
Which God beſtow on you, from this firſt day,
Vntill your diſſolution, that's for aye. (*ford.*

Fran. We keep you here too long good brother *Frank*-
Into the Hall: away, go cheere your gueſts.
VVhat, Bride & bride-groome both withdrawn at once?
If you be miſt, the Gueſts will doubt their welcome,
And charge you with vnkindneſſe.

Frank. To preuent it,
Ile leaue you heere, to ſee the dance within.

Anne. And ſo will I. *Exit*

Fran. To part you it were ſin.
Now gallants, while the Towne Muſitians
Finger their frets within; and the mad Lads
And countrey-Laſſes, euery mothers childe,
VVith Noſe-gaies and Bridelaces in their hats,
Dance all their country meaſures, rounds, and Iigges,
VVhat ſhall we do? Harke, they're all on the hoigh,
They toile like Mill-horſes, and turne as round,
Marry not on the toe: I, and they caper,
But without cutting: you ſhall ſee to morrow

The hall floure peckt and dinted like a Mill-stone
Made with their high shooes; though their skil be small,
Yet they treade heauy where their Hob-nailes fall.
Char. Wel, leaue them to their sports: sir *Francis Action*
Ile make a match with you, meete to morrow
At *Cheuy-chase*, Ile flye my Hawke with yours.
Fran. For what? for what?
Char. VVhy for a hundred pound.
Fran. Pawne me some Gold of that.
Char. Heere are ten Angels,
Ile make them good a hundred pound to morrow
Vpon my Hawks wing.
Fran. 'Tis a match, 'tis done:
Another hundred pound vpon your dogges,
Dare ye Sir *Charles*?
Char. I dare: were I sure to loose
I durst do more then that: Heere's my hand,
The first course for a hundred pound.
Fran. A match.
Wend. Ten Angels on sir *Francis Actions* Hawke:
As much vpon his Dogs.
Cran. I am for sir *Charles Mountford*, I haue seene
His Hawke and Dogge both tride: what clap ye hands?
Or ist no bargaine?
Wend. Yes, and stake them downe:
VVere they fiue hundred they were all my owne.
Fran. Be stirring early with the Larke to morrow,
Ile rise into my saddle ere the Sun
Rise from his bed.
Char. If there you misse me, say
I am no Gentleman: Ile hold my day.
Fran. It holds on all sides; come, to night let's dance,
Earely to morrow let's prepare to ride,
VVe had need be three houres vp before the bride. *Exit*

Enter Nicke and Ienkin, Iacke Slime, Roger Brickbat, with Countrey wenches, and two or three Muſitians.

Ienk. Come *Nick*, take you *Ione Miniuer* to trace withall: *Iacke Slime* trauerſe you with *Siſly Milk-pale*, I will take *Iane Trubkin*, and *Roger Brickebat* ſhall haue *Iſbell Motley*, and now that they are buſie in the Parlour, come ſtrike vp, wee'l haue a craſh heere in the yard.

Nick. My humor is not compendious: dancing I poſſeſſe not, though I can foot it; yet ſince I am falne into the hands of *Siſly Milk-pale*, I conſent.

Iack. Truly Nicke, though we were neuer brought vp like ſeruing Courtiers, yet we haue beene brought vppe with ſeruing creatures, I and Gods creatures too; for we haue beene brought vp to ſerue Sheepe, Oxen, Horſes, Hogges, and ſuch like: and though we be but countrey fellowes, it may be in the way of dancing we can doe the Horſe-tricke as well as the Seruing-men.

Roger. I, and the croſſe-point too.

Ien. O *Slime*, O *Brickbat*, do not you know that compariſons are odious; now we are odious our ſelues too, therefore there are no compariſons to be made betwixt vs.

Nic. I am ſodaine, and not ſuperfluous:
I am quarrelſome, and not ſeditious:
I am peaceable, and not contentious:
I am breefe, and not compendious.

Slime. Foote it quickly, if the Muſicke ouercome not my melancholly, I ſhall quarrell; and if they ſodainly do not ſtrike vp, I ſhall preſently ſtrike thee downe.

Ien. No quarrelling for Gods ſake: truly if you doe, I ſhall ſet a knaue betweene ye.

Slime. I come to dance, not to quarrell: come, what

ſhall it be? *Rogero*?

Ien. Rogero, no; we will dance the beginning of the world.

Siſly. I loue no Dance ſo well, as *Iohn come kiſſe mee now.*

Nic. I that haue ete now deſeru'd a cuſhion, call for the cuſhion dance.

Roger. For my part I like nothing ſo wel as *Tom Tyler.*

Ienk. No wee'l haue the hunting of the Fox.

Slime. The Hay, the hay, there's nothing like the hay.

Nick. I haue ſaide, do ſay, and will ſay againe.

Ien. Euery man agree to haue it as Nicke ſayes.

All. Content.

Nic. It hath bene, it now is, and it ſhall be.

Siſly. What Maſter Nichlas, what?

Nic. Put on your ſmocke a Monday.

Ien. So the dance will come cleanly off: come, for Gods ſake agree of ſomething; if you like not that, put it to the Muſitians, or let me ſpeake for all, and wee'l haue Sellengers round.

All. That, that, that.

Nic. No I am reſolu'd thus it ſhall be,
Firſt take hands, then take ye to your heeles.

Ien. VVhy, would ye haue vs run away?

Nic. No, but I would haue you ſhake your heeles.
Muſicke ſtrike vp.

They dance, Nick dancing ſpeaks ſtately and ſcuruily, the reſt after the Countrey faſhion.

Ienk. Hey liuely my Laſſes, here's a turne for thee. *Exit.*

Wind hornes. Enter Sir Charles, Sir Francis, Malby, Cranwel, Wendoll, Faulconer, and Huntſmen.

Char. So, well caſt off; aloft, aloft, well flowne:

O now ſhe takes her at the ſowſe, and ſtrikes her downe to th'earth, like a ſwift thunder-clap.

Wend. She hath ſtroke ten Angels out of my way.

Fran. A hundred pound from me.

Char. VVhat Faulc'ner?

Faul. At hand Sir.

Char. Now ſhe hath ſeiſ'd the Foule, & gins to plume her, Rebecke her not; rather ſtand ſtill and checke her. So: ſeiſe her Gets, her Ieſſes, and her Bels: Away.

Fran. My Hawke kill'd too.

Char. I, but 'twas at the querre,
Not at the mount, like mine.

Fran. Iudgement my Maſters.

Cran. Yours miſt her at the Ferre.

wend. I but our Merlin firſt had plum'd the Fowle,
And twice renew'd her from the Riuer too;
Her Bels Sir *Francis* had not both one waight,
Nor was one ſemi-tune aboue the other:
Mee thinkes theſe Millaine bels do ſound too full,
And ſpoile the mounting of your Hawke.

Char. Tis loſt.

Fran. I grant it not. Mine likewiſe ſeiſd a Fowle
Within her talents; and you ſaw her pawes
Full of the Feathers: both her petty ſingles,
And her long ſingles, grip'd her more then other;
The Terrials of her legges were ſtain'd with blood:
Not of the Fowle onely ſhe did diſcomfite
Some of her Feathers, but ſhe brake away.
Come, come, your Hawke is but a Rifler.

Char. How?

Fran. I, and your Dogges are trindle-tailes and curs.

Char. You ſtirre my blood.
You keepe not one good Hound in all your Kennell;

Nor one good Hawke vpon your Perch.

Fran. How Knight?

Char. So Knight: you will not ſwagger Sir?

Fran. VVhy ſay I did?

Char. Why Sir, I ſay you would gaine as much by ſwagg'ring as you haue got by wagers on your Dogges, You will come ſhort in all things.

Fran. Not in this, now ile ſtrike home.

Char. Thou ſhalt to thy long home, or I will want my will.

Fran. All they that loue Sir *Francis* follow mee.

Char. All that affect Sir *Charles* draw on my part.

Cran. On this ſide heaues my hand.

Wend. Here goes my hart.

They diuide themſelues.

Sir Charles, Cranwel, Fauconer, and Huntſman, fight againſt Sir Francis, Wendoll, his Faulconer, and Huntſman, and Sir Charles hath the better, and beats them away, killing both of Sir Francis his men.

Char. My God: what haue I done? what haue I done?
My rage hath plung'd into a Sea of blood,
In which my ſoule lies drown'd, poore innocents,
For whom we are to anſwer: well 'tis done,
And I remaine the Victor: A great conqueſt,
VVhen I would giue this right hand, nay this head,
To breath in them new life whom I haue ſlaine.
Forgiue me God, 'twas in the heat of blood,
And anger quite remooues me from my ſelfe:
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murther;
Yet I, and not my rage, muſt anſwer it.
Sir *Francis Acton* he is fled the field;
VVith him, all thoſe that did partake his quarrell,
And I am left alone, with ſorrow dumbe,

And

And in my heighth of conqueſt, ouercome.

Enter Suſan.

Oh God, my Brother wounded mong the dead;
Vnhappy ieſts that in ſuch earneſt ends;
The rumor of this feare ſtretcht to my eares,
And I am come to know if you be wounded.

Char. O Siſter, ſiſter, wounded at the heart.

Suſan. My God forbid.

Char. In doing that thing which he forbad,
I am wounded ſiſter.

Suſ. I hope not at the heart.

Char. Yes, at the heart.

Suſ. O God: a Surgeon there.

Char. Call me a Surgeon ſiſter for my ſoule,
The ſinne of murther it hath pierc'd my heart,
And made a wide wound there: But for theſe ſcratches,
They are nothing, nothing.

Suſ. Charles, what haue you done?
Sir *Francis* hath great friends, and will purſue you
Vnto the vtmoſt danger of the Law.

Char. My conſcience is become mine enemy,
And will purſue me more then *Acton* can.

Suſ. O flye ſweet Brother.

Char. Shall I flie from thee?
VVhy *Sue*, art wearie of my company?

Suſ. Fly from your foe.

Char. You ſiſter are my frend,
And flying you, I ſhall purſue my end.

Suſ. Your companie is as my eie-ball deere,
Being farre from you, no comfort can be neere:
Yet flye to ſaue your life; what would I care
To ſpend my future age in blacke deſpaire,
So you were ſafe: and yet to liue one weeke
Without my Brother *Charles*, through euery cheeke

My ſtreaming teares would downewards run ſo ranke,
Till they could ſet on either ſide a banke,
And in the midſt a channell; ſo my face
For two ſalt water brookes, ſhall ſtill finde place.
Char. Thou ſhall not weepe ſo much, for I will ſtay
In ſpight of dangers teeth: ile liue with thee,
Or ile not liue at all; I will not ſell
My countrey, and my Fathers patrimony,
No, thy ſweet ſight, for a vaine hope of life.

Enter Sheriffe with Officers.

Sher. Sir *Charles*, I am made the vnwilling inſtrument
Of your attach and apprehenſion:
I'me ſorry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you enacted. It was told mee
That you were guarded with a troope of Friends,
And therefore came thus arm'd.
Char. O maſter Sheriffe,
I came into the field with many friends,
But ſee they all haue left me; onely one
Clings to my ſad misfortune, my deere Siſter:
I know you for an honeſt Gentleman,
I yeeld my weapons, and ſubmit to you;
Conuey me where you pleaſe.
Sher. To priſon then,
To anſwer for the liues of theſe dead men.
Suſan. Oh God, Oh God.
Charl. Sweete Siſter, euery ſtraine
Of ſorrow from your heart augments my paine,
Your griefe abounds, and hits againſt my breſt.
Sher. Sir will you go?
Char. Euen where it likes you beſt.

Enter Maſter Frankeford in a ſtudy.

Frank. How happy am I amongſt other men,

That

That in my meane eſtate imbrace content.
I am a Gentleman, and by my birth
Companion with a King, a Kings no more.
I am poſſeſt of many faire reuennewes,
Sufficient to maintaine a Gentleman.
Touching my minde, *I* am ſtudied in all Arts;
The riches of my thoughts, and of my time,
Haue beene a good proficient: but the cheefe
Of all the ſweete felicities on earth,
I haue a faire, a chaſte, and louing wife;
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament;
If man on earth may truely happy be,
Of theſe at once poſſeſt, ſure *I* am he.

Enter Nicholas.

Nick. Sir, there's a Gentleman attends vvithout to ſpeake with you.

Frank. On horſe-backe.

Nick. Yes, on horſebacke.

Fran. *I*ntreate him to alight, and ile attend him: Know'ſt thou him *Nicke*?

Nick. Know him, yes; his name's *VVendoll*: *I*t ſeemes he comes in haſt, his horſe is booted Vp to the flanke in mire; himſelfe all ſpotted And ſtain'd with plaſhing: ſure hee rid in feare, Or for a wager: Horſe and man both ſweate, *I* neere ſaw two in ſuch a ſmoaking heate.

Frank. Entreat him in, about it inſtantly: This Wendoll *I* haue noted, and his carriage Hath pleaſd me much; by Obſeruation *I* haue noted many good deſerts in him: Hee's affable, and ſeene in many thinges, Diſcourſes well, a good companion; And though of ſmall meanes, yet a Gentleman

Of a good house, somewhat prest by want:
I haue preferr'd him to a second place
in my Opinion, and my best regard.

Enter Wendoll, Mistris Frankford, and Nicke.

Anne. O M. Frankford, master VVendoll heere
Brings you the strangest newes that ere you heard.

Fran. VVhat newes sweet wife? what newes good M. VVendoll.

Wend. You knew the match made twixt Sir Francis Acton, and Sir *Charles Mountford.*

Fran. True, with their Hounds and Hawkes.

wend. The matches were both plaid.

Fran. Ha: And which won?

wend. Sir *Francis* your wiues Brother had the worst,
And lost the wager.

Fran. VVhy the worse his chance;
Perhaps the fortune of some other day
VVill change his lucke.

Anne. Oh, but you heare not all.
Sir *Francis* lost, and yet was loath to yeeld:
At length the two Knights grew to difference,
From words to blowes, and so to banding sides;
VVhere valorous Sir *Charles* slew in his spleene
Two of your Brothers men: his Faulc'ner,
And his good Huntsman whom he lou'd so well;
More men were wounded, no more slaine outright.

Fran. Now trust me I am sorrie for the Knight;
But is my brother safe?

wend. All whole and sound,
His bodie not being blemisht with one wound:
But poore Sir *Charles* is to the prison led,
To answer at th'assize for th,,n that's dead.

Fran.

Fran. I thank your paines Sir; had the newes bin better
Your will was to haue brought it M. Wendoll.
Sir Charles will finde hard friends: his caſe is heynous,
And will be moſt ſeuerely cenſur'd on;
I'me ſorry for him. Sir, a word with you:
I know you Sir to be a Gentleman
In all things; your poſsibility but meane:
Pleaſe you to vſe my Table, and my purſe,
They are yours.

wend. O Lord ſir, I ſhall neuer deſerue it.

Frank. O ſir diſparage not your worth too much,
You are full of quality, and faire deſert;
Chooſe of my men which ſhall attend you ſir,
And he is yours. I will allow you ſir
Your man, your gelding, and your table
All at my owne charge, be my companion.

wend. M. Frankford, I haue oft bin bound to you
By many fauours: this exceeds them all,
That I ſhall neuer merit your leaſt fauour.
But when your laſt remembrance I forget,
Heauen at my ſoule exact that weighty debt.

Frank. There needs no proteſtation: for I know you
Vertuous, and therefore gratefull. Prethee Nan
Vſe him with all thy louingſt curteſie.

An. As farre as modeſty may well extend,
It is my duty to receiue your friend.

Fran. To dinner: come ſir, from this preſent day
Welcome to me for euer: come away. *Exit.*

Nick. I do not like this fellow by no meanes:
I neuer ſee him but my heart ſtill ernes;
Zounds I could fight with him, yet know not why:
The Deuill and he are all one in mine eye. *Exit*

Enter Ienkin.

Ien. O *Nicke*, what Gentleman is that that comes to lie at our house; my master allowes him one to wayte on him, and I beleeue it will fall to thy lot.

Nick. I loue my master, by these Hilts I do:
But rather then Ile euer come to serue him,
Ile turne away my master.

Enter Sisly.

Sisly. *Nichlas*, where are you *Nichlas*, you must come in *Nichlas*, and helpe the Gentleman off with his bootes.

Nic. If I plucke off his boots, Ile eate the spurs,
And they shall sticke fast in my throat like burs.

Sisly. Then *Ienkin* come you.

Ien. Nay 'tis no boote for me to deny it. My Master hath giuen me a coate here, but he takes paines himselfe to brush it once or twice a day with a holly-wand.

Sisly. Come, come, make hast that you may wash your hands againe, and helpe to serue in dinner.

Ien. You may see my masters, though it be afternoone with you, 'tis but early dayes with vs, for wee haue not din'd yet: stay a little, Ile but go in and helpe to beare vp the first course, and come to you againe presently.

Exit.

Enter Malby and Cranwel.

Mal. This is the Sessions day, pray can you tell me
How yong Sir Charles hath sped: Is he acquit,
Or must he try the Lawes strict penalty?

Cran. Hee's cleer'd of all spight of his enemies,
Whose earnest labour was to take his life:

But in this ſute of pardon, he hath ſpent
All the reuennewes that his Father left him;
And he is now turn'd a plaine Countrey man,
Reform'd in all things: See ſir, here he comes.

Enter Sir Charles and his Keeper.

Keeper. Diſcharge your fees, and you are then at freedome.

Char. Here M. Keeper, take the poore remainder
Of all the wealth I haue: my heauy foes
Haue made my purſe light; but alas to me
'Tis wealth enough that you haue ſet me free.

Mal. God giue you ioy of your deliuery,
I am glad to ſee you abroad Sir *Charles.*

Char. The pooreſt Knight in England M. Malby;
My life hath coſt me all my patrimony
My Father left his ſonne: well, God forgiue them
That are the Authors of my penury.

Enter Shafton.

Sir Charles, a hand, a hand, at liberty:
Now by the faith I owe I am glad to ſee it.
What want you? wherein may I pleaſure you?

Char. O me: O moſt vnhappy Gentleman:
I am not worthy to haue friends ſtirr'd vp,
Whoſe hands may helpe me in this plunge of want:
I would I were in heauen, to inherit there
Th'immortall birth-right which my Sauiour keepes,
And by no vnthrift can be bought and ſold;
For here on earth what pleaſures ſhould we truſt?

Shaf. To rid you from theſe contemplations,
Three hundred pounds you ſhall receiue of me:
Nay fiue for faile; Come ſir, the ſight of Golde

Is the moſt ſweet receit for melancholy,
And will reuiue your ſpirits. You ſhall hold Law
With your proud aduerſaries. Tuſh, let Franke Acton
Wage his Knight-hood-like expence with me,
And a'will ſinke, he will: Nay, good Sir Charles
Applaud your Fortune, and your faire eſcape
From all theſe perils.

Char. Oh ſir, they haue vndone me:
Two thouſand and fiue hundred pound a yeare.
My Father at his death poſſeſt me of;
All which the enuious Acton made me ſpend.
And notwithſtanding all this large expence,
I had much ado to gaine my liberty:
And I haue onely now a houſe of pleaſure,
With ſome fiue hundred pounds, reſerued
Both to maintaine me and my louing Sifter.

Shaf. That muſt I haue, it lies conuenient for me:
If I can faſten but one finger on him,
With my full hand Ile gripe him to the heart.
'Tis not for loue I proffer'd him this coine,
But for my gaine and pleaſure. Come Sir Charles,
I know you haue neede of money, take my offer.

Char. Sir I accept it, and remaine indebted
Euen to the beſt of my vnable power.
Come Gentlemen, and ſee it tendred downe.

Enter Wendoll melancholy.

I am a Villen if I apprehend
But ſuch a thought: then to attempt the deede,
Slaue thou art damn'd without redemption.
Ile driue away this paſſion with a ſong:
A ſong, ha, ha: A ſong, as if fond man

Thy

Thy eyes could ſwim in laughter, when thy ſoule
Lies drencht and drowned in red teares of blood.
Ile pray, and ſee if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts: why prayers are meditations;
And when I meditate (O God forgiue me)
It is on her diuine perfections.
I will forget her; I will arme my ſelfe
Not t'entertaine a thought of loue to her:
And when I come by chance into her preſence,
Ile hale theſe bals vntill my eye ſtrings cracke,
From being pull'd and drawne to looke that way.

Enter ouer the ſtage, Frankeford, his wife, and Nicke.

O God, O God! with what a violence
I'me hurried to mine owne deſtruction.
There goeſt thou the moſt perfect's man,
That euer England bred a Gentleman,
And ſhall I wrong his bed? Thou God of Thunder
Stay in thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
Thy great almighty, and all-iudging hand
From ſpeedy execution on a Villen,
A villen and a Traitor to his friend.

Enter Ienkin.

Ienk. Did your worſhip call?

Wend. He doth maintaine me, he allowes mee largely Money to ſpend.

Ien. By my faith ſo do not you me, I cannot get a croſſe of you.

Wend. My Gelding, and my man.

Ien. That's Sorrell and I.

wen. This kindneſſe growes of no alliance 'twixt vs.

Ien. Nor is my ſeruice of any great acquaintance.

wen. I neuer bound him to me by deſert:
Of a meere ſtranger, a poore Gentleman;
A man by whom in no kinde he could gaine:
And he hath plac'd me in his higheſt thoughts,
Made me companion with the beſt and cheefeſt
In Yorke-ſhire. He cannot eate without me,
Nor laugh without me: I am to his body
As neceſſary as his digeſtion;
And equally do make him whole or ſicke:
And ſhall I wrong this man? Baſe man, ingrate;
Haſt thou the power ſtraight with thy goary hands,
To rip thy Image from his bleeding heart?
To ſcratch thy name from out the holy booke
Of his remembrance; and to wound his name
That holds thy name ſo deere? Or rend his heart
To whom thy heart was knit and ioyn'd together?
And yet I muſt: Then *Wendoll* be content;
Thus villaines when they would, cannot repent.

Ien. What a ſtrange humor is my new maſter in, pray God he be not mad: if he ſhould bee ſo, I ſhould neuer haue any minde to ſerue him in Bedlam. It may bee hee's mad for miſsing of me.

wen. What *Ienkin*, where's your Miſtris?

Ien. Is your worſhip married?

wen. Why doſt thou aske?

Ien. Becauſe you are my Maſter, and if I haue a miſtris I would be glad like a good ſeruant to do my duty to hir.

wen. I meane Miſtris Frankford.

Ien. Marry ſir her husband is riding out of towne, and

ſhe

ſhe went very louingly to bring him on his way to horſe:
Do you ſee ſir, here ſhe comes, and here I go.
wend. Vaniſh.

Enter Miſtris Frankeford.

Anne. Y'are well met Sir; now introth my husband
Before he tooke horſe had a great deſire
To ſpeake with you: we ſought about the houſe,
Hollow'd into the fields, ſent euerie way,
But could not meete you: therefore he inioyn'd me
To do vnto you his moſt kinde commends.
Nay more, he wils you as you prize his loue,
Or hold in eſtimation his kinde friendſhip,
To make bold in his abſence, and command
Euen as himſelfe were preſent in the houſe:
For you muſt keepe his Table, vſe his ſeruants,
And be a preſent Frankford in his abſence.
wend. I thanke him for his loue.
Giue me a name you whoſe infectious tongues
Are tipt with gall and poiſon, as you would
Thinke on a man that had your Father ſlaine;
Murdred your children, made your wiues baſe ſtrumpets
So call me, call me ſo: Print in my face
The moſt ſtigmaticke title of a villaine,
For hatching treaſon to ſo true a friend.
Anne. Sir you are much beholding to my husband;
You are a man moſt deere in his regard.
wend. I am bound vnto your husband, and you to.
I will not ſpeake to wrong a Gentleman
Of that good eſtimation, my kinde friend:
I will not, zounds I will not. I may chooſe,

And

And I will chooſe. Shall I be ſo miſled?
Or ſhall I purchaſe to my Fathers creſt
The Motto of a villen? If I ſay
I will not do it, what thing can inforce me?
What can compell me? What ſad deſtiny
Hath ſuch command vpon my yeelding thoughts?
I will not. Ha: ſome fury prickes me on,
The ſwift Fates drag me at their Chariot wheele,
And hurry me to miſchiefe. Speake I muſt;
Iniure my ſelfe, wrong her, deceiue his truſt.

Anne. Are you not well ſir that ye ſeeme thus trobled?
There is ſedition in your countenance.

wend. And in my heart faire Angell, chaſte and wiſe:
I loue you: ſtart not, ſpeake not, anſwer not.
I loue you: Nay let me ſpeake the reſt:
Bid me to ſweare, and I will call to record
The hoaſt of heauen.

Anne. The hoaſt of heauen forbid
Wendoll ſhould hatch ſuch a diſloyall thought.

wend. Such is my fate, to this ſuite I was borne,
To weare rich pleaſures crowne, or fortunes ſcorne.

Anne. My husband loues you.

wend. I know it.

Anne. He eſteemes you
Euen as his braine, his eye-ball, or his heart.

wend. I haue tried it.

Anne. His purſe is your Exchecquer, and his table
Doth freely ſerue you.

wend. So I haue found it.

Anne. O with what face of braſſe? what brow of ſteele
Can you vnbluſhing ſpeake this to the face
Of the eſpouſ'd wife of ſo deere a friend?

It is my husband that maintaines your ſtate,
Will you diſhonor him? I am his wife
That in your power hath left his whole affaires,
It is to me you ſpeake?
Wend. O ſpeake no more,
For more then this I know, and haue recorded
Within the red-leau'd Table of my heart;
Faire, and of all belou'd, I was not fearefull
Bluntly to giue my life into your hand;
And at one hazard all my earthly meanes.
Go, tell your husband; he will turne me off,
And I am then vndone: I care not I,
'Twas for your ſake. Perchance in rage hee'l kill me:
I care not, 'twas for you. Say I incurre
The generall name of Villaine through the world;
Of Traitor to my friend: I care not I.
Beggery, ſhame, death, ſcandall, and reproch,
For you Ile hazard all, why what care I:
For you Ile loue, and in your loue Ile dye.
Anne. You moue me ſir to paſſion and to pitty:
The loue I beare my husband, is as precious
As my ſoules health.
wen. I loue your husband too,
And for his loue I will ingage my life;
Miſtake me not, the augmentation
Of my ſincere affection borne to you
Doth no whit leſſon my regard of him.
I will be ſecret Lady, cloſe as night:
And not the light of one ſmall glorious Starre
Shall ſhine heere in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.
Anne. What ſhall I ſay?
My ſoule is wandring, and hath loſt her way.

Oh maſter *wendol*, oh.

wend. Sigh not ſweet Saint;
For euery ſighe you breath, drawes from my heart
A drop of blood.

Anne. I ne're offended yet:
My fault (I feare) will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall not quite bereft of grace,
Haue their offences noted in their face;
I bluſh and am aſham'd. Oh maſter VVendoll,
Pray God I be not borne to curſe your tongue
That hath inchanted me. This Maze I am in,
I feare will proue the labyrinth of ſin.

Enter Nicke.

wend. The path of pleaſure, and the gate to bliſſe,
Which on your lips I knocke at with a kiſſe.

Nic. Ile kill the Rogue.

wen. Your husband is from home, your bed's no blab:
Nay looke not downe and bluſh. *Exit.*

Nic. Zounds Ile ſtab.
I *Nicke*, was it thy chance to come iuſt in the nicke:
I loue my maſter, and I hate that ſlaue;
I loue my miſtris, but theſe trickes I like not:
My maſter ſhall not pocket vp this wrong,
Ile eate my fingers firſt. What ſayſt thou mettle?
Do's not that raſcall VVendoll go on legs
That thou muſt cut off? Hath he not ham-ſtrings
That thou muſt hogh? Nay mettle, thou ſhall ſtand
To all I ſay. Ile henceforth turne a ſpy,
And watch them in their cloſe conueyances:
I neuer look'd for better of that raſcall
Since he came miching firſt into our houſe:
It is that Sathan hath corrupted her;

For ſhe was faire and chaſt. Ile haue an eye
In all their geſtures. Thus I thinke of them,
(If they proceede as they haue done before)
VVendol's a Knaue, my Miſtris is a——— *Exit.*

Enter Charles and Suſan.

Char. Siſter you ſee we are driuen to hard ſhift,
To keepe this poore houſe we haue left vnſold;
I am now inforc'd to follow husbandry,
And you to milke, and do we not liue well?
Well I thanke God.

Suſan. O Brother, heere's a change
Since old Sir *Charles* dyed in our Fathers houſe.

Ch. All things on earth thus change, ſome vp, ſome down;
Contents a kingdome, and I weare that crowne.

Enter Shafton with a Sergeant.

God morrow, morrow ſir *Charles*, what with your ſiſter,
Plying your husbandry? Sergeant ſtand off;
You haue a pretty houſe heere, and a Garden,
And goodly ground about it. Since it lyes
So neere a Lordſhip that I lately bought,
I would faine buy it of you. I will giue you

Char. O pardon me: This houſe ſucceſsiuely
Hath long'd to me and my progenitors
Three hundred yeeres. My great great Grandfather;
He in whom firſt our gentle ſtile began
Dwelt heere; and in this ground, increaſt this Mole-hill
Vnto that Mountaine which my Father left me.
VVhere he the firſt of all our houſe begun,
I now the laſt will end and keepe this houſe:
This virgin Title neuer yet deflour'd
By any vnthrift of the Mountfords line;

In breefe, I will not ſell it for more Gold
Then you could hide or paue the ground withall.
Shaf. Ha, ha, a proud minde and a Beggers purſe:
Where's my three hundred pounds, beſides the vſe?
I haue brought it to execution
By courſe of Law: what, is my monies ready?
Char. An execution ſir, and neuer tell me
You put my bond in ſuite, you deale extreamly.
Shaf. Sell me the Land and Ile acquit you ſtraight.
Char. Alas, alas: 'Tis all trouble hath left me
To cheriſh me and my poore Siſters life.
If this were ſold, our meanes ſhould then be quite
Rac'd from the bed-roll of Gentility.
You ſee what hard ſhift we haue made to keepe it
Allyed ſtill to our owne name: this palme you ſee
Labour hath glow'd within her ſiluer brow,
That neuer taſted a rough winters blaſt
Without a Maske or Fan, doth with a grace
Defie cold winter, and his ſtormes outface.
Suſan. Sir, we feed ſparing, and we labour hard,
We lie vneaſie, to reſerue to vs
And our ſucceſſion this ſmall plot of ground.
Char. I haue ſo bent my thoughts to husbandry,
That I proteſt I ſcarſely can remember
What a new faſhion is; how ſilke or ſatten
Feeles in my hand: why pride is growne to vs
A meere meere ſtranger. I haue quite forgot
The names of all that euer waited on me.
I cannot name ye any of my Hounds;
Once from whoſe ecchoing mouths I heard all muſicke
That ere my heart deſired. What ſhould I ſay?
To keepe this place I haue chang'd my ſelfe away.
Shaf. Arreſt him at my ſuite; Actions and actions

Shall keepe thee in continuall bondage faſt.
Nay more, Ile ſue thee by a late appeale,
And call thy former life in queſtion.
The Keeper is my friend, thou ſhalt haue Irons,
And vſage ſuch as Ile deny to dogs: Away with him.

Char. Ye are too timorous; but Trouble is my maſter,
And I will ſerue him truly: my kinde ſiſter
Thy teares are of no force to mollifie
This flinty man. Go to my Fathers Brother,
My Kinſmen and Allies; intreat them for me
To ranſome me from this iniurious man
That ſeekes my ruine.

Shaf. Come, irons, irons; come away,
Ile ſee thee lodg'd farre from the ſight of day.

Suſ. My heart's ſo hardned with the froſt of greefe,
Death cannot pierce it through; Tyrant too fell:
So leade the fiends condemned ſoules to hell.

Enter Action and Malby.

Fran. Act. Agen to priſon; *Malby* haſt thou ſeene
A poore ſlaue better tortur'd? Shall we heare
The Muſicke of his voice cry from the grate,
Meate for the Lords ſake: No, no, yet I am not
Throughly reueng'd. They ſay he hath a pretty wench
To his Siſter: Shal I in my mercy ſake
To him and to his Kindred, bribe the foole
To ſhame her ſelfe by lewd diſhoneſt luſt:
Ile proffer largely, but the deede being done,
Ile ſmile to ſee her baſe confuſion.

Mal. Methinkes Sir Francis you are full reueng'd
For greater wrongs then he can proffer you:
See where the poore ſad Gentlewoman ſtands.

Fran. Ha, ha, now will I flout her pouerty,

Deride her fortunes, ſcoffe her baſe eſtate;
My very ſoule the name of Mountford hate.
But ſtay; my heart, or what a looke did flye
To ſtrike my ſoule through with thy piercing eye.
I am inchanted, all my ſpirits are fled;
And with one glance my enuious ſpleene ſtrooke dead.
Suſan. Acton that ſeekes our blood. *Runs away.*
Fran. O chaſte and faire.
Mal. Sir Francis, why Sir Francis, in a trance?
Sir Francis, what cheere man? Come, come, how iſt?
Fran. Was ſhe not faire? Or elſe this iudging eye
Cannot diſtinguiſh beauty.
Mal. She was faire.
Fran. She was an Angell in a mortals ſhape,
And ne're deſcended from old Mountfords line.
But ſoft, ſoft, let me call my wits together.
A poore, poore wench; to my great Aduerſary
Siſter: whoſe very ſoules denounce ſterne warre
Each againſt other. How now *Franke*, turn'd Foole
Or madman whether? But no maſter of
My perfect ſenſes and directeſt wits.
Then why ſhould I be in this violent humor
Of paſſion, and of loue? And with a perſon
So different euery way: and ſo oppoſd
In all contractions, and ſtill-warring actions?
Fie, fie, how I diſpute againſt my ſoule.
Come, come, Ile gaine her; or in her faire queſt
Purchaſe my ſoule free and immortall reſt.

Enter 3. or 4. ſeruingmen, one with a Voyder and a woodden Knife to take away, another the ſalt and bread, another the Table-cloth and Napkins, another the Carpet, Ienkin with two Lights after them.

Ienk.

Ienk. So, march in order and retire in battell array. My maſter and the gueſts haue ſupp'd already, all's taken away: heere now ſpread for the Seruingmen in the Hall. Butler, it belongs to your Office.

But. I know it Ienkin.
VVhat de'ye cal the Gentleman that ſupt there to night?

Ien. Who my maſter?

wen. No no, maſter VVendoll hee's a daily Gueſt; I meane the Gentleman that came but this afternoone.

Ien. His name's M. *Cranwel.* Gods light, harke within there, my maſter cals to lay more Billets vppon the fire. Come, come, Lord how wee that are in Office heere in the houſe are troubled. One ſpred the Carpet in the Parlour, and ſtand ready to ſnuffe the lights, the reſt be ready to prepare their ſtomackes. More lights in the Hall there. Come Nicklas. Exit.

Nic. I cannot eate, but had I *wendols* heart
I would eate that; the Rogue growes impudent.
Oh I haue ſeene ſuch vil'de notorious trickes,
Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.
Ile tell my maſter, by this ayre I will;
Fall what may fall, Ile tell him. Here he comes.

Enter Maſter Frankeford, as it were bruſhing the Crummes from his clothes with a Napkin, as newly riſen from ſupper.

Fran. Nichlas what make you heere? why are not you
At ſupper in the Hall among your fellowes?

Nic. Maſter I ſtaide your riſing from the boord
To ſpeake with you.

Fran. Be breefe then gentle Nicklas,
My wife and gueſts attend me in the Parlour;

VVhy

Why doſt thou pauſe? Now *Nicholas* you want money;
And vnthriſt-like would eate into your wages
Ere you haue earn'd it; heere ſirs halfe a crowne;
Play the good husband, and away to ſupper.

Nick. By this hand an honourable Gentleman; I will not ſee him wrong'd. Sir, I haue ſeru'd you long: you entertain'd me ſeuen yeeres before your beard. You knew me ſir before you knew my miſtris.

Frank. What of this good Nicklas?

Nick. I neuer was a make-bate, or a Knaue;
I haue no fault but one, I'me giuen to quarrell,
But not with women. I will tell you Maſter
That which will make your heart leape from your breſt;
Your haire to ſtartle from your head, your eares to tingle.

Fran. What preparation's this to diſmall newes?

Nick. Sblood ſir I loue you better then your wife;
Ile make it good.

Fran. Y'are a knaue, and I haue much adoe
With wonted patience to containe my rage,
And not to breake thy pate. Th'art a knaue;
Ile turne you with your baſe compariſons
Out of my doores.

Nick. Do, do.
There is not roome for *Wendoll* and me too
Both in one houſe. Oh maſter, maſter,
That *Wendoll* is a villaine.

Fran. I ſaucy.

Nick. Strike, ſtrike, do, ſtrike; yet heare mee, I am no Foole,
I know a villaine when I ſee him act
Deeds of a villaine: maſter, maſter, that baſe ſlaue
Enioyes my miſtris, and diſhonors you.

Fr. Thou haſt kild me with a weapon whoſe ſharp point
Hath prick'd quite through & through my ſhiu'ring hart.
Drops of cold ſweate ſit dangling on my haires,
Like mornings dew vpon the golden flowers;
And I am plung'd into ſtrange agonies.
What didſt thou ſay? If any word that toucht
His credit, or her reputation;
It is as hard to enter my beleefe,
As Diues into heauen.

Nicke. I can gaine nothing; they are two
That neuer wrong'd me. I knew before
Twas but a thankleſſe office; and perhaps
As much as is my ſeruice, or my life is worth.
All this I know: But this and more,
More by a thouſand dangers could not hire me
To ſmother ſuch a heinous wrong from you;
I ſaw, and I haue ſayd.

Fran. Tis probable; though blunt, yet he is honeſt:
Though I durſt pawne my life, and on their faith
Hazard the deere ſaluation of my ſoule;
Yet in my truſt I may be too ſecure.
May this be true? O may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder poſſible?
Man, woman, what thing mortall can we truſt,
When friends and boſome wiues proue ſo vniuſt?
VVhat inſtance haſt thou of this ſtrange report?

Nic. Eyes maſter, eyes.

Frank. Thy eyes may be deceiu'd I tell thee:
For ſhould an Angell from the heauens drop downe,
And preach this to me that thy ſelfe haſt told,
He ſhould haue much ado to win beleefe,
In both their loues I am ſo confident.

Nic. Shall I diſcourſe the ſame by circumſtance?

Fran. No more; to supper, & command your fellowes
To attend vs and the strangers. Not a word
I charge thee on thy life, be secret then,
For I know nothing.

Nicke. I am dumbe; and now that I haue easd my stomacke, I will go fill my stomacke. *Exit*

Fran. Away, be gone.
She is well borne, descended Nobly;
Vertuous her education, her repute
Is in the generall voice of all the Countrey
Honest and faire; her carriage, her demeanor
In all her actions that concerne the loue
To me her husband; modest, chaste, and godly.
Is all this seeming Gold plaine Copper?
But he, that *Iudas* that hath borne my purse,
And sold me for a sin: Oh God, oh God,
Shall I put vp these wrongs? No, shall I trust
The bare report of this suspitious groome,
Before the double guilt, the well-hatch Ore
Of their two hearts? No, I will loose these thoughts:
Distraction I will banish from my brow,
And from my lookes exile sad discontent,
Their wonted fauours in my tongue shall flow;
Till I know all, Ile nothing seeme to know.
Lights and a Table there. Wife, M. *wendol*, and gentle
Master *Cranwell*.

Enter Mistris Frankford, Master wendoll, master Cranwell, Nicke and Ienkin, with Cards, Carpets, stooles, and other necessaries.

Fran. O master *Cranwel*, you are are a stranger heere,
And often balke my house: faith y'are a Churle;
Now we haue supp'd, a Table and to Cards.

Ienk.

Ien. A paire of Cards *Nichlas*, and a Carpet to couer the Table: where's *Siſly* with her Counters and her box: Candles and Candleſtickes there. Fie wee haue ſuch a houſhold of ſeruing creatures, vnleſſe it bee *Nicke* and I, there's not one amongſt them all can ſay bo to a Gooſe. Wel-fed Nicke.

They ſpred a Carpet, ſet downe lights and Cards.

Anne. Come M. Frankford, who ſhall take my part?

Frank. Marry that will I ſweet wife.

wend. No by my Faith, when you are togither I ſitte out; it muſt be miſtris Frankford & I, or els it is no match

Fran. I do not like that match.

Nicke. You haue no reaſon marry knowing all.

Frank. Tis no great matter neither. Come Maſter Cranwell, ſhall you and I take them vp.

Cran. At your pleaſure ſir.

Fran. I muſt looke to you maſter Wendoll, for you'l be playing falſe: nay ſo will my wife too.

Nick. I will be ſworne ſhe will.

Anne. Let them that are taken falſe forfet the Set.

Frank. Content, it ſhall go hard but Ile take you.

Cran. Gentlemen what ſhall our game be?

wend. Maſter Frankford you play beſt at Noddy.

Fran. You ſhall not finde it ſo, indeed you ſhall not.

Anne. I can play at nothing ſo well as double ruffe.

Fran. If maſter *wendoll* and my wife be together, ther's no playing againſt them at double hand.

Nic. I can tell you ſir the game that maſter *wendoll* is beſt at.

wend. What game is that Nicke?

Nicke. Marry ſir, Knaue out of doores.

wend. She and I will take you at Lodam.

Anne. Husband ſhall we play at Saint.

Fran. My Saints turn'd deuill. No wee'l none of Saint;
You are beſt at New-cut wife: you'l play at that.

wend. If you play at new-cut, I'me ſooneſt hitter of any heere for a wager.

Frank. Tis me they play on. Well you may draw out
For all your cunning: 'twill be to your ſhame,
Ile teach you at your New-cut a new game.
Come, come.

Cran. If you cannot agree vpon the game, to poſt and paire.

wend. We ſhall be ſooneſt paires, and my good hoſt
When he comes late home he muſt kiſſe the poſt.

Fran. Who euer wins it ſhall be to thy coſt.

Cran. Faith let it be Vide-ruffe, and let's make honors.

Fran. If you make honors, one thing let me craue;
Honor the King and Queene: except the Knaue.

wend. Well as you pleaſe for that. Lift who ſhall deal.

Anne. The leaſt in ſight: what are you Maſter *wendol*?

wend. I am a Knaue.

Nicke. Ile ſweare it.

Anne. I am Queene.

Fr. A quean thou ſhouldſt ſay: wel the cards are mine,
They are the groſeſt paire that ere I felt.

Anne. Shuffle, Ile cut; would I had neuer dealt?

Fran. I haue loſt my dealing.

wen. Sir the faults in me;
This Queene I haue more then mine owne you ſee.
Giue me the ſtocke.

Fran. My minds not on my game;
Many a deale I haue loſt, the more's your ſhame.
You haue ſeru'd me a bad tricke maſter *wendol*.

wend. Sir you muſt take your lot. To end this ſtrife,
I know I haue dealt better with your wife.

Fran.

Fran. Thou haſt dealt falſely then.
Anne. VVhat's Trumpes?
wend. Harts: Partner I rub.
Fran. Thou robſt me of my ſoule, of her chaſt loue,
In thy falſe dealing thou haſt rob'd my heart.
Booty you play, I like a looſer ſtand,
Hauing no heart, or heere, or in my hand.
I will giue o're the Set, I am not well:
Come who will hold my Cards?
Anne. Not well ſweet M. Frankford;
Alas what ayle you? Tis ſome ſodaine qualme.
wend. How long haue you bene ſo maſter Frankford?
Fran. Sir I was luſty, and I had my health,
But I grew ill when you began to deale.
Take hence this table. Gentle maſter Cranwell
Y'are welcome; ſee your chamber at your pleaſure.
I am ſorry that this Megrim takes me ſo,
I cannot ſit and beare you company.
Ienkin ſome lights, and ſhew him to his chamber.
Anne. A night-gowne for my husband, quickly there:
It is ſome rheume or cold.
wen. Now in good faith this ilneſſe you haue got
By ſitting late without your gowne.
Fran. I know it M. Wendoll.
Go, go to bed, leſt you complaine like me:
Wife, prethee wife into my bed-chamber,
The night is raw and cold, and rheumaticke;
Leaue me my gowne and light, Ile walke away my fit.
wend. Sweet ſir goodnight.
Fran. My ſelfe good night.
Anne. Shall I attend you husband?
Fran. No gentle wife, thou't catch hold in thy head;
Prethee be gone ſweete, Ile make haſt to bed.

Anne. No sleepe will fasten on mine eyes you know
Vntill you come. *Exit.*

Frank. Sweet Nan I prethee go.
I haue bethought me, get me by degrees
The Keyes of all my doores, which I will mould
In wax, and take their faire impression,
To haue by them new keyes. This being compast,
At a set houre a Letter shall be brought me:
And when they thinke they may securely play,
They neerest are to danger. Nick, I must rely
Vpon thy trust and faithfull secrecie.

Nic. Builde on my faith.

Fran. To bed then, not to rest;
Care lodges in my braine, greefe in my brest.

Enter Sir Charles his Sister, old Mountford, Sandy, Roder, and Tydy.

Mount. You say my Nephew is in great distresse:
Who brought it to him but his owne lewd life?
I cannot spare a crosse. I must confesse
He was my Brothers sonne: why Neece, what then?
This is no world in which to pitty men.

Suf. I was not borne a Begger, though his extremes
Enforce this language from me: I protest
No fortune of mine owne could leade my tongue
To this base Key. I do beseech you Vncle,
For the names sake, for Christianity,
Nay for Gods sake to pitty his distresse:
He is deni'de the freedome of the prison,
And in the hole is laide with men condemn'd;
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons,
And it remaines in you to free him thence.

Mount.

Mount. Mony I cannot ſpare: men ſhould take heede,
He loſt my kindred when he fell to neede.
Suſ. Gold is but earth, thou earth enough ſhalt haue,
When thou haſt once tooke meaſure of thy graue.
You know me maſter Sandy, and my ſute.
Sandy. I knew you Lady when the olde man liu'd,
I knew you ere your Brother ſolde his land;
Then you were Miſtris *Sue*, trick'd vp in Iewels:
Than you ſung well, plaide ſweetly on the Lute,
But now I neither know you nor your ſute.
Su. You maſter Roder was my brothers Tenant,
Rent-free he plac'd you in that wealthy farme
Of which you are poſſeſt.
Roder. True he did;
And haue I not there dwelt ſtill for his ſake?
I haue ſome buſineſſe now, but without doubt
They that haue hurl'd him in, will helpe him out. *Exit.*
Suſ. Cold comfort ſtill: what ſay you cozen Tydy?
Tydy. I ſay this comes of royſting, ſwagg'ring;
Call me not cozen. Each man for himſelfe;
Some men are borne to mirth, and ſome to ſorrow,
I am no coſen vnto them that borrow. *Exit.*
Suſ. Oh Charity, why art thou fled to heauen,
And left all things on this earth vneuen?
Their ſcoffing anſwers I will nere returne;
But to my ſelfe his greefe in ſilence mourne.

Enter Sir Francis and Malby.

Fran. She is poore, Ile therfore tempt her with this gold.
Go *Malby* in my name deliuer it,
And I will ſtay thy anſwer.
Fran. Faire Miſtris, as I vnderſtand your greefe
Doth grow from want, ſo I haue heere in ſtore

A meanes to furniſh you, a bag of Gold,
Which to your hands I freely tender you.
Suſan. I thanke you heauens; I thanke you gentle ſir:
God make me able to requite this fauour.
Mal. This Gold Sir Francis Acton ſends by me,
And prayes you
Suſan. Acton. O God, that name I'me borne to curſe:
Hence Bawd, hence Broker: ſee, I ſpurne his Gold,
My honour neuer ſhall for gaine be ſold.
Fran. Stay, Lady ſtay.
Suſan. From you Ile poſting hie;
Euen as the Doues from featherd Eagles flie. *Exit*
Fran. She hates my name, my face, how ſhould I wo?
I am diſgrac'd in euery thing I do.
The more ſhe hates me, and diſdaines my loue,
The more I am wrapt in admiration
Of her diuine and chaſte perfections.
VVoe her with gifts I cannot: for all gifts
Sent in my name ſhe ſpurnes. VVith lookes I cannot,
For ſhe abhorres my ſight. Nor yet with Letters,
For none ſhe will receiue. How then, how then?
VVell, I will faſten ſuch a kindneſſe on her,
As ſhall orecome her hate and conquer it.
Sir *Charles* her brother lies in execution
For a great ſumme of money: and beſides
The appeale is ſued ſtill for my Huntſmens death,
VVhich onely I haue power to reuerſe:
In her Ile bury all my hate of him.
Go ſeeke the Keeper *Malby*, bring him to me:
To ſaue his body I his debts will pay;
To ſaue his life, I his appeale will ſtay.

Enter Sir Charles in priſon, with Irons, his feete bare,

his

his garments all ragged and torne.

Char. Of all on the earths face moſt miſerable,
Breath in this helliſh dungeon thy laments:
Thus like a ſlaue ragg'd, like a fellon gyu'd,
That hurles thee headlong to this baſe eſtate.
Oh vnkinde Vncle! Oh my friends ingrate.
Vnthankfull Kinſmen: *Mountfords* all too baſe,
To let thy name be fetter'd in diſgrace.
A thouſand deaths heere in this graue I dye;
Feare, hunger, ſorrow, cold, all threat my death,
And ioyne together to depriue my breath.
But that which moſt torments me, my deere Siſter
Hath left to viſit me, and from my friends
Hath brought no hopefull anſwere: therefore I
Diuine they will not helpe my miſery.
If it be ſo, ſhame, ſcandall, and contempt
Attend their couetous thoghts. Need make their graues;
Vſurers they liue, and may they dye like ſlaues.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee freedom
From all thy troubles.

Char. Then I am doom'd to die;
Death is the end of all calamity.

Keep. Liue, your appeale is ſtaide; the execution
Of all your debts diſcharg'd: your Creditors
Euen to the vtmoſt peny ſatisfied.
In ſigne whereof, your ſhackles I knocke off;
You are not left ſo much indebted to vs
As for your fees; all is diſcharg'd, all paide:
Go freely to your houſe, or where you pleaſe,
After long miſeries, embrace your eaſe.

Char. Thou grumbleſt out the ſweeteſt muſicke to me

That euer Organ playd. Is this a dreame?
Or do my waking ſenſes apprehend
The pleaſing taſte of theſe applauſiue newes?
Slaue that I was to wrong ſuch honeſt friends;
My louing Kinſmen, and my neere Allies:
Tongue I will bite thee for the ſcandall breath
Againſt ſuch faithfull Kinſmen: they are all
Compoſd of pitty and compaſſion;
Of melting charity, and of mouing ruth.
That which I ſpake before was in my rage,
They are my friends, the mirrours of this age:
Bounteous and free. The Noble Mountfords race,
Nere bred a couetous thought, or humor baſe.

Enter Suſan.

Suſan I can no longer ſtay from viſiting
My wofull Brother: while I could I kept
My hapleſſe tidings from his hopefull eare.
Char. Siſter, how much am I indebted to thee
And to thy trauell?
Suſan What, at liberty?
Char: Thou ſeeſt I am thankes to thy induſtry:
Oh vnto which of all my curteous friends
Am I thus bound: My vncle Mountford he
Euen of an infant lou'd me, was it he?
So did my cozen Tydy: was it he?
So maſter Roder, maſter Sandy too,
Which of all theſe did this hie kindneſſe doe.
Suſan Charles can you mocke me in your pouerty,
Knowing your friends deride your miſery;
Now I proteſt I ſtand ſo much amaz'd
To ſee your bonds free, and your Irons knock'd off,
That I am wrap'd into a maze of wonder.

The

The rather for I know not by what meanes
This happineſſe hath chanc'd.
Char. VVhy by my Vncle,
My cozens, and my friends; who elſe I pray
VVould take vpon them all my debts to pay?
Suſan O Brother, they are men all of Flint,
Pictures of Marble, and as voide of pitty
As chaced Beares: I begg'd, I ſued, I kneel'd,
Laide open all your greefes and miſeries,
VVhich they derided. More then that, denide vs
A part in their alliance; but in pride
Said that our Kindred with our plenty dyde.
Char. Drudges too much, what did they: oh known euil;
Rich flye the poore, as good men ſhun the deuill:
VVhence ſhould my freedome come? Of whom aliue,
Sauing of thoſe haue I deſerued ſo well?
Geſſe Siſter, call to minde, remember me:
Theſe I haue raiſd, they follow the worlds guiſe;
VVhom rich in honor, they in woe deſpiſe.
Suſan My wits haue loſt themſelues, lets ask the keeper
Charles Iaylor.
Keeper At hand ſir.
Charles Of curteſie reſolue me one demand.
VVhat was he tooke the burthen of my debts
From off my backe, ſtaide my appeale to death,
Diſcharg'd my fees, and brought me liberty?
Keeper A curteous knight, and call'd ſir Francis Acton
Charles Ha, Acton. Oh me, more diſtreſt in this
Then all my troubles: hale me backe,
Double my Irons: and my ſparing Meales
Put into halues; and lodge mee in a dungeon
More deepe, more darke, more cold, more comfortleſſe:
By Acton freed, not all thy manacles

Could fetter ſo my heeles, as this one word
Hath thrall'd my heart, and it muſt now lye bound
In more ſtrict priſon then thy ſtony Iayle.
I am not free, I go but vnder baile.

Keeper. My charge is done ſir, now I haue my fees;
As we get little, we will nothing leeſe.

Char. By Acton freed, my dangerous oppoſite,
Why to what end? Or what occaſion? Ha.
Let me forget the name of enemy,
And with indifference ballance this hie fauour: Ha.

Suſan. His loue to me, vpon my ſoule 'tis ſo;
That is the root from whence theſe ſtrange things grow.

Char. Had this proceeded from my Father, he
That by the law of Nature is moſt bound
In offices of loue, it had deſeru'd
My beſt employment to requite that grace.
Had it proceeded from my friends, or him,
From them this action had deſeru'd my life;
And from a ſtranger more, becauſe from ſuch
There is leſſe execution of good deeds.
But he, nor Father, nor Ally, nor Friend,
More then a ſtranger, both remote in blood,
And in his heart oppoſd my enemy,
That this hye bounty ſhould proceede from him.
O there I looſe my ſelfe: What ſhould I ſay?
What thinke? what do? his bounty to repay?

Suſ. You wonder I am ſure whence this ſtrange kindne ſſe proceeds in Acton. I will tell you Brother:
He dotes on me, and oft hath ſent me gifts,
Letters, and Tokens, I refuſd them all.

Char. I haue enough; though poore, my heart is ſet,
In one rich gift to pay backe all my debt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Frankford and Nicke with Keyes, and a letter in his hand. *Fran.*

Fran. This is the night, that I muſt play my part
To try two ſeeming Angels: where's my keyes?
Nick. They are made according to your mold in wax,
I bad the ſmith be ſecret, gaue him money,
And heere they are. The Letter ſir.
Fran. True, take it, there it is;
And when thou ſeeſt me in my pleaſants vaine
Ready to ſit to ſupper, bring it me.
Nic. Ile do't, make no more queſtion but Ile do't. *Exit*

Enter Miſtris Frankford, Cranwell, Wendoll, and Ienkin.

Anne. Sirra, tis ſixe a clocke already ſtroke,
Go bid them ſpred the cloth and ſerue in ſupper.
Ien. It ſhall be done forſooth. Miſtris wheres Spiggot the Butler to giue vs our ſalt and Trenchers.
Wend. We that haue bene a hunting all the day,
Come with prepared ſtomackes maſter Frankford;
We wiſh'd you at our ſport.
Fran. My hart was with you, and my mind was on you.
Fie maſter Cranwell you are ſtill thus ſad:
A ſtoole, a ſtoole; where's Ienkin, and where's Nicke?
Tis ſupper time at leaſt an houre ago:
What's the beſt newes abroad?
wend. I know none good.
Fran. But I know too much bad.

Enter Butler and Ienkin with a Table-cloth, Bread, Trenchers and ſalt.

Cran. Methinkes ſir, you might haue that intereſt
In your wiues Brother, to be more remiſſe
In his hard dealing againſt poore Sir Charles,
Who (as I heare) lies in Yorke Caſtle,
Needy, and in great want.

Fran. Did not more weighty buſineſſe of mine owne
Hold me away, I would haue labour'd peace
Betwixt them with all care, indeede I would ſir.
Anne Ile write vnto my brother earneſtly
In that behalfe.
wendol A charitable deede,
And will beget the good opinion
Of all your friends that loue you Miſtris Frankford.
Fran. That's you for one, I know you loue ſir Charles,
And my wife too well.
wendol He deſerues the loue
Of all true Gentlemen; be your ſelues iudge.
Fran. But ſupper ho: Now as thou lou'ſt me VVendoll
VVhich I am ſure thou doeſt; be merry, pleaſant,
And frolicke it to night: Sweet maſter Cranwell
Do you the like. VVife, I proteſt my heart
was nere more bent on ſweet alacrity:
where be thoſe lazy knaues to ſerue in Supper?

Enter Nicke.

Nicke Here's a Letter ſir.
Fran. VVhence come's it? and who brought it?
Nicke A ſtripling that below attends your anſwer,
And as he tels me it is ſent from Yorke.
Fran. Haue him into the ſeller, let him taſte a cuppe of our March Beere: Go, make him drinke.
Nick Ile make him drunke if he be a Troian.
Fran. My Boots and ſpurs: wheres Ienkin? God forgiue me, how I neglect my buſineſſe: wife looke here;
I haue a matter to be tride to morrow
By eight a clocke; and my Atturney writes me
I muſt be there betimes with euidence,
Or it will go againſt me: where's my bootes?

Enter

Enter Ienkin with beots and ſpurs.

Anne I hope your buſineſſe craues no ſuch diſpatch
That you muſt ride to night.

wend I hope it doth.

Fran. Gods me, no ſuch diſpatch:
Ienkin my boots: where's Nicke? Saddle my Roan,
And the gray dapple for himſelfe: Content ye,
It much concernes me. Gentle Maſter Cranwell,
And Maſter Wendoll, in my abſence vſe
The very ripeſt pleaſures of my houſe.

wendol Lord, maſter Frankford will you ride to night?
The wayes are dangerous.

Fran. Therefore will I ride
Appointed well; and ſo ſhall Nicke my man.

Anne Ile call you vp by fiue a clocke to morrow.

Fran. No by my faith wife, Ile not truſt to that,
Tis not ſuch eaſie riſing in a morning
From one I loue ſo deerely: No by my faith,
I ſhall not leaue ſo ſweet a bed-fellow
But with much paine: you haue made me a ſluggard
Since I firſt knew you.

Anne Then if you needs will goe
This dangerous euening: Maſter VVendoll
Let me intreate you beare him company.

wen. VVith all my heart ſweet miſtris: My boots there?

Fran. Fie, fie, that for my priuate buſineſſe
I ſhould diſeaſe my friend, and be a trouble
To the whole houſe: Nicke?

Nicke Anon ſir.

Fran. Bring forth my Gelding, as you loue me ſir
Vſe no more words: a hand good maſter Cranwell.

Cran: Sir God be your good ſpeede.

Fran. Goodnight ſweet Nan; nay, nay, a kiſſe and part;

Diſſem.

Dissembling lips you sute not with my hart. *Exit.*

wen. How busines, time, and houres all gracious proue
And are the furtherers to my new borne loue.
I am husband now in masters Frankfords place,
And must command the house. My pleasure is
We will not sup abroad so publikely,
But in your priuate chamber mistris Frankeford.

Anne. O sir, you are too publicke in your Loue,
And master Frankfords wife.

Cran. Might I craue fauour,
I would intreate you I might see my chamber,
I am on the sodaine growne exceeding ill,
And would be spar'd from supper.

wen. Light there ho.
See you want nothing sir; for if you do,
You iniure that good man, and wrong me to.

Cran. I will make bold: good night. Exit

wen. How all conspire
To make our bosome sweet, and full intire.
Come Nan, I prethee let vs sup within.

Anne. O what a clog vnto the soule is sin?
We pale offenders are still full of feare;
Euery suspitious eye brings danger neare:
When they whose cleere heart from offence are free,
Dispise report; base scandals do outface,
And stand at meere defiance with disgrace.

wend. Fie, fie, you talke too like a Puritan.

Anne. You haue tempted me to mischiefe M. *wendoll*:
I haue done I know not what. VVell, you plead custome;
That which for want of wit I granted erst,
I now must yeelde through feare. Come, come, lets in,
Once ore shooes, we are straight ore head in sinne.

wend. My iocond soule is ioyfull aboue measure,

Ile

Ile be profuſe in Frankfords richeſt treaſure. *Exeunt*

Enter Siſly, Ienkin, and Butler.

Ien. My miſtris, and maſter Wendoll my maſter, ſup in her chamber to night; *Siſly* you are preferr'd from beeing the Cooke to be chamber-maid, of all the loues betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou thinkſt of this.

Siſly. Mum, there's an old prouerbe, when the Cats away, the Mouſe may play.

Ien. Now you talke of a Cat, Siſly I ſmell a Rat.

Siſ. Good words Ienkin, leſt you be call'd to anſwere them.

Ien. Why God make my miſtris an honeſt woman, are not theſe good wordes? Pray God my new maiſter play not the Knaue with my old maſter, is there any hurt in this? God ſend no villany intended; and if they doe ſup together, pray God they doe not lye together. God make my miſtris chaſt, and make vs all his ſeruants: what harme is there in all this? Nay more, heere is my hand thou ſhalt neuer haue my heart vnleſſe thou ſay Amen.

Siſly. Amen I pray God I ſay.

Enter Seruingmen.

Ser. My miſtris ſends that you ſhold make leſſe noiſe, to locke vp the doores, and ſee the houſholde all got to bed: you Ienkin for this night are made the Porter to ſee the gates ſhut in.

Ien. Thus by little and little I creepe into office. Come to kennell my maſters to kennell, tis eleuen a clocke already.

Ser. When you haue lockd the gates in, you muſt ſend vp the keyes to my miſtris.

Siſly. Quickely for Gods ſake Ienkin, for I muſt carrie them: I am neither pillow nor boulſter, but I know more

As ſpotleſſe as an Angell in my armes.
But oh, I talke of things impoſsible,
And caſt beyond the moone. God giue me patience
For I will in and wake them. *Exit.*

Nick. Here's patience perforce,
He needs muſt trot afoot that tires his horſe.

Enter wendol running ouer the ſtage in a Night-gowne, hee after him with his ſword drawne, the maide in her ſmocke ſtayes his hand, and claſpes hold on him. Hee pauſes for a while.

Fran. I thanke thee maide, thou like an Angelles hand,
Haſt ſtayd me from a bloody ſacrifice.
Go villen, and my wrongs ſit on thy ſoule
As heauy as this greefe doth vpon mine.
When thou recordſt my many curteſies,
And ſhall compare them with thy treacherous heart,
Lay them together, weigh them equally,
'Twill be reuenge enough. Go, to thy friend
A Iudas; pray, pray, leſt I liue to ſee
Thee Iudas-like hang'd on an Elder-tree.

Enter Miſtris Frankford in her ſmocke, Night-gowne, and night attire.

Anne. O by what word? what title? or what name
Shall I intreate your pardon? Pardon: Oh
I am as farre from hoping ſuch ſweete grace
As Lucifer from heauen. To call you Husband;
(O me moſt wretched) I haue loſt that name,
I am no more your wife.

Nick. Sblood ſir ſhe ſounds.

Fran. Spare thou thy teares, for I will weepe for thee;
And keepe thy count'nance, for Ile bluſh for thee:
Now I proteſt I thinke tis I am tainted,

For

For I am moſt aſham'd; and tis more hard
For me to looke vpon thy guilty face,
Then on the ſuns cleere brow:
What wouldſt thou ſpeake?

Anne. I would I had no tongue, no eares, no eyes,
No apprehenſion, no capacity.
When do you ſpurne me like a dog? when tread me
Vnder feete? when drag me by the haire?
Though I deſerue a thouſand thouſand folde
More then you can inflict: yet once my husband,
For woman-hood to which I am aſham'd,
Though once an ornament: Euen for his ſake
That hath redeem'd our ſoules, marke not my face,
Nor hacke me with your ſword: but let me go
Perfect and vndeformed to my Tombe.
I am not worthy that I ſhould preuaile
In the leaſt ſuite; no, not to ſpeake to you,
Nor looke on you, nor to be in your preſence.
Yet as an abiect this one ſute I craue,
This granted I am ready for my graue.

Fran. My God with patience arme me: riſe, nay riſe,
And Ile debate with thee: Was it for want
Thou plaidſt the ſtrumpet? Waſt thou not ſupplide
With euery pleaſure, faſhion, and new toy;
Nay euen beyond my calling?

Anne. I was.

Fran. Was it then diſability in me?
Or in thine eye ſeem'd he a properer man?

Anne. O no.

Fran. Did not I lodge thee in my boſome?
Weare thee in my heart?

Anne. You did.

Fran. I did indeede; witneſſe my teares I did.

Go bring my infants hither. O *Nan*, O *Nau*;
If neither feare of shame, regard of honor,
The blemish of my house, nor my deere loue
Could haue with-held thee from so lewd a fact:
Yet for these infants, these yong harmlesse soules,
On whose white browes thy shame is charracter'd,
And growes in greatnesse as they wax in yeeres;
Looke but on them, and melt away in teares.
Away with them; lest as her spotted body
Hath stain'd their names with stripe of bastardy,
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
VVith her infectious thoughts. Away with them.

Anne. In this one life I dye ten thousand deaths.

Fran. Stand vp, stand vp, I will do nothing rashly:
I wil retire awhile into my study,
And thou shalt heare thy sentence presently. Exit.

Anne. Tis welcome be it death. O mee base strumpet,
That hauing such a husband, such sweete children,
Must inioy neither: oh to redeeme mine honor,
I would haue this hand cut off, these my brests sear'd,
Be rack'd, strappado'd, put to any torment:
Nay, to whip but this scandall out, I would hazard
The rich & deere redemption of my soule.
He cannot be so base as to forgiue me;
Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.
O women, women, you that yet haue kept
Your holy Matrimoniall Vow vnstain'd,
Make me your instance, when you tred awry,
Your sinnes like mine will on your conscience ly.

Enter Sisly, Spiggot, all the Seruingmen, and Ienkin, as newly come out of Bed.

All. O Mistris, Mistris, what haue you done Mistris?

Nicke

Nic. VVhat a Catterwauling keepe you heere.

Ien. O Lord Miſtris, how comes this to paſſe, my Maſter is run away in his ſhirt, & neuer ſo much as calld me to bring his clothes after him.

Anne. See what guilt is, heere ſtand I in this place,
Aſham'd to looke my ſeruants in the face.

Enter M. Frankford and Cranweli; whom ſeeing ſhe fals on her knees.

Fran. My words are regiſtred in heauen already,
VVith patience heare me. Ile not martyr thee,
Nor marke thee for a ſtrumpet; but with vſage
Of more humility torment thy ſoule,
And kill thee euen with kindneſſe.

Cran. M. *Frankford.*

Fran. Good M. *Cranwel.* VVoman hear thy iudgment
Go make thee ready in thy beſt Attire;
Take with thee all thy gownes, all thy Apparrell,
Leaue nothing that did euer call thee Miſtris,
Or by whoſe ſight being left heere in the houſe
I may remember ſuch a woman by.
Chooſe thee a bed & hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee euery thing which hath thy marke;
And get thee to my Mannor ſeuen mile off:
Where liue, 'tis thine, I freely giue it thee.
My Tennants by ſhall furniſh thee with waines
To carry all thy ſtuffe within two houres;
No longer wil I limit thee my ſight.
Chooſe which of all my ſeruants thou lik'ſt beſt,
And they are thine to attend thee.

Anne. A milde ſentence.

Fran. But as thou hop'ſt for heauen, as thou beleeu'ſt
Thy name's recorded in the booke of life.

I charge thee neuer after this sad day
To see me, or to meete me; or to send
By word, or writing, guift, or otherwise
To moue me, by thy selfe, or by thy friends;
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farwell Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had neuer seene, nere more shall see.

Anne. How full my heart is, in mine eies appeares;
VVhat wants in words, I will supply in teares.

Fra. Come take your coach, your stuffe; al must along:
Seruants and all make readie, all be gone,
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one.

Enter Sir Charles Gentleman-like, and his Sister Gentlewoman-like.

Susan. Brother, why haue you trick'd me like a Bride?
Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?
Forget you our estate, our pouertie?

Char. Call me not brother; but imagine mee
Some barbarous Out-law, or vnciuill Kerne:
For if thou shutst thy eie, and onely hearst
The words that I shall vtter, thou shalt iudge me
Some staring Ruffian, not thy Brother Charles.
O Sister:

Susan. O Brother, what doth this strange Language meane?

Char. Dost loue me Sister? wouldst thou see mee liue
A Bankrout begger in the worlds disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
VVouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beame
In the worlds eie, a by-word and a scorne?
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may out-strip by thee.

Suſan. By me: why I haue nothing, nothing left,
I owe euen for the clothes vpon my backe:
I am not worth

Char. O Siſter ſay not ſo,
It lies in you my downe-caſt ſtate to raiſe;
To make me ſtand on euen points with the world.
Come Siſter, you are rich; indeede you are:
And in your powre you haue without delay,
Actons fiue hundred pound backe to repay.

Suſ. Til now I had thought y'had lou'd me. By my honor
(Which I haue kept as ſpotleſſe as the Moone)
I ne're was miſtris of that ſingle doite
Which I reſeru'd not to ſupply your wants:
And de'ye thinke that I would hoord from you?
Now by my hopes in heauen, knew I the meanes
To buy you from the ſlauery of your debts
(Eſpecially from Acton whom I hate)
I would redeeme it with my life or blood.

Char. I challenge it, and kindred ſet apart;
Thus (Ruffian-like) I lay ſiege to thy hart.
What do I owe to Acton?

Suſ. Why ſome fiue hundred pounds,
Towards which I ſweare,
In all the world I haue not one deneare.

Cha. It will not proue ſo. Siſter now reſolue me,
What do you thinke (and ſpeake your conſcience)
Would *Acton* giue might he inioy your bed?

Suſan. He would not ſhrinke to ſpend a thouſand pound,
To giue the Mountfords name ſo deepe a wound.

Char. A thouſand pound: I but fiue hundred owe,
Grant him your bed, hee's payd with intreſt ſo.

Suſ. O Brother.

Char. O Sister, onely this one way,
With that rich Iewell you my debts may pay:
In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shame.
Nor do I woe you in a Brothers name,
But in a strangers. Shall I dye in debt
To *Acton* my grand foe; and you still weare
The precious Iewell that he holds so deare?

Suf. My honor I esteeme as deere and precious
As my redemption.

Char. I esteeme you sister as deare,
For so deare prizing it.

Suf. Will Charles
Haue me cut off my hands and send them *Acton*:
Rip vp my brest, and with my bleeding heart
Present him, as a token.

Char. Neither Sister:
But heare me in my strange assertion.
Thy honor and my soule are equall in my regard;
Nor will thy brother Charles suruiue thy shame.
His kindnesse (like a burthen hath surcharged me,
And vnder his good deeds, I stooping, go
Not with an vpright soule. Had I remain'd
In prison still, there doubtlesse I had dyed:
Then vnto him that freed me from that prison,
Still do I owe this life. What moou'd my foe
To infranchise me? 'Twas sister for your loue.
VVith full fiue hundred pounds he bought your loue,
And shall he not inioy it? Shall the weight
Of all this heauy burthen leane on me,
And wil not you beare part? You did partake
The ioy of my release, will you not stand
In ioynt-bond bound to satisfie the debt?
Shall I be onely charg'd?

Suſ. But that I know
Theſe arguments come from an honour'd minde,
As in your moſt extremity of neede
Scorning to ſtand in debt to one you hate;
Nay rather would ingage your vnſtain'd honor
Then to be held ingrate, I ſhould condemne you.
I ſee your reſolution and aſſent;
So Charles wil haue me, and I am content.

Char. For this I trick'd you vp.

Suſ. But heere's a knife,
To ſaue mine honor, ſhal ſlice out my life.

Char. I know thou pleaſeſt me a thouſand times
More in thy reſolution, then thy grant.
Obſerue her loue; to ſoorh it to my ſute,
Her honor ſhe will hazard (though not looſe:)
To bring me out of debt her rigorous hand
Will pierce her heart. Oh wonder! that wil chooſe
Rather then ſtaine her blood her life to looſe.
Come you ſad Siſter to a wofull Brother,
This is the gate: Ile beare him ſuch a preſent,
Such an Acquittance for the Knight to ſeale,
As wil amaze his ſenſes; and ſurprize
VVith admiration all his fantaſies.

Enter Action and Malby.

Suſ. Before his vnchaſte thoughts ſhal ſeize on mee:
'Tis heere, ſhall my impriſon'd ſoule ſet free.

Action How? Mountford with his ſiſter hand in hand,
VVhat myracle's afoot?

Mal. It is a ſight
Begets in me much admiration.

Char. Stand not amaz'd to ſee me thus attended:
Action, I owe thee money, and being vnable

To bring thee the full ſumme in ready coine.
Loe for thy more aſſurance here's a pawne:
My Siſter, my deere ſiſter, whoſe chaſt honor
I prize aboue a Million: heere, nay take her,
Shee's worth your mony man, do not forſake her.
Francis I would he were in earneſt.
Suſ. Impute it not to my immodeſty,
My Brother beeing rich in nothing elſe
But in his intereſt that he hath in me;
According to his pouerty hath brought you
Me, all his ſtore; whom howſoere you prize
As forfeit to your hand, he valewes highly,
And would not ſell but to acquit your debt,
For any Emperors ranſome.
Fran. Sterne heart, relent,
Thy former cruelty at length repent.
Was euer knowne in any former age
Such honourable wreſted curteſie?
Lands, honors, life, and all the world forgoe,
Rather then ſtand ingag'd to ſuch a foe.
Char. Acton, ſhe is too poore to be thy Bride,
And I too much oppoſd to be thy Brother.
There, take her to thee, if thou haſt the heart
To ceize her as a rape or luſtfull prey,
To blur our houſe that neuer yet was ſtain'd;
To murther her that neuer meant thee harme;
To kill me now whom once thou ſau'dſt from death,
Do them at once on her; all theſe rely
And periſh with her ſpotted chaſtity.
Fran. You ouercome me in your loue ſir Charles.
I cannot be ſo cruell to a Lady
I loue ſo deerely. Since you haue not ſpar'd
To ingage your reputation to the world,

Your ſiſters honor which you prize ſo deere,
Nay all the comfort which you hold on earth
To grow out of my debt being your foe,
Your honor'd thoughts loe thus I recompence.
Your metamorphiſd foe receiues your gift
In ſatisfaction of all former wrongs.
This Iewell I will weare heere in my heart:
And where before I thought her for her wants
Too baſe to be my Bride: to end all ſtrife,
I ſeale you my deere Brother, her my wife.

Suſan. You ſtill exceede vs, I will yeeld to fate,
And learne to loue, where I till now did hate.

Char. VVith that enchantment you haue charm'd my ſoule,
And made me rich euen in thoſe very words,
I pay no debt but am indebted more,
Rich in your loue I neuer can be pore.

Fran. Al's mine is yours, we are alike in ſtate,
Let's knit in loue what was oppoſd in hate.
Come, for our Nuptials we will ſtraight prouide,
Bleſt onely in our Brother and faire Bride.

Enter Cranwel, Frankford, and Nicke.

Cra. Why do you ſearch each room about your houſe
Now that you haue diſpatch'd your wife away?

Fran. O ſir, to ſee that nothing may be left
That euer was my wiues: I lou'd her deerely,
And when I do but thinke of her vnkindneſſe,
My thoughts are all in Hell, to auoide which torment,
I would not haue a Bodkin or a Cuffe,
A Bracelet, Necklace, or Rebato wier;
Nor any thing that euer was call'd hers,
Left me; by which I might remember her,

Seeke round about.

Nicke. Sblood maſter, here's her Lute ſlung in a corner.

Fran. Her Lute: Oh God, vpon this inſtrument
Her fingers haue ran quicke diuiſion,
Sweeter then that which now diuides our hearts.
Theſe frets haue made me pleaſant, that haue now
Frets of my heart-ſtrings made. O maſter Cranwel,
Oft hath ſhe made this melancholly wood
(Now mute and dumbe for her diſaſtrous chance)
Speake ſweetly many a note; ſound many a ſtraine
To her owne rauiſhing voice, which being well ſtrung,
VVhat pleaſant ſtrange aires haue they ioyntly rung?
Poſt with it after her: now nothing's left;
Of her and her's I am at once bereft.

Nic. Ile ride and ouer-take her; do my meſſage
And come backe agen.

Cran. Meane time ſir, if you pleaſe
Ile to ſir *Francis Acton*, and informe him
Of what hath paſt betwixt you and his ſiſter.

Fran. Do as you pleaſe: how ill am I beſted,
To be a widdower ere my wife be dead.

Enter miſtris Frankford, with Ienkin, her maide Siſly, her Coach-man, and three Carters.

Anne. Bid my Coach ſtay: why ſhould I ride in ſtate,
Being hurl'd ſo low downe by the hand of fate?
A ſeat like to my fortunes let me haue;
Earth for my chaire, and for my bed a graue.

Ienk. Comfort good miſtris; you haue watered your Coach with teares already: you haue but two mile now to goe to your Mannor. A man cannot ſaie by my olde maſter Frankeford as he may ſay by me, that hee wantes Man-

Mannors, for he hath three or foure; of which this is one that we are going to now.

Siſly Good miſtris be of good cheere; ſorrow you ſee hurts you, but helpes you not: we all mourne to ſee you ſo ſad.

Carter. Miſtris I ſee ſome of my Landlords men
Come riding poſt, 'tis like he brings ſome newes.

Anne. Comes he from M. Frankford he is welcome,
So is his newes becauſe they come from him.

Enter Nicke.

Nick. There.

Anne. I know the Lute; oft haue I ſung to thee:
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

Nic. VVould that had beene the worſt inſtrument that ere you played on. My maſter commends him vnto ye; there's all he can finde that was euer yours: he hath nothing left that euer you could lay claime to but his owne heart, and he could afford you that. All that I haue to deliuer you is this; He prayes you to forget him, and ſo he bids yon farwell.

Anne. I thanke him; he is kinde, and euer was.
All you that haue true feeling of my greefe,
That know my loſſe, and haue relenting hearts,
Gird me about; and helpe me with your teares
To waſh my ſpotted ſinnes: my Lute ſhall grone;
It cannot weepe, but ſhall lament my mone.

Enter Wendoll.

Purſu'd with horror of a guilty ſoule,
And with the ſharpe ſcourge of repentance laſh'd,
I flye from mine owne ſhadow. O my ſtarres!

VVhat

What haue my Parents in their liues deseru'd,
That you should lay this penance on your sonne?
When I but thinke of master Frankfords loue,
And lay it to my treason, or compare
My murthering him for his releeuing me,
It strikes a terror like a Lightnings flash
To scorch my blood vp. Thus I like the Owle
Asham'd of day, liue in these shadowy woods,
Affraid of euery leafe or murmuring blast,
Yet longing to receiue some perfect knowledge
How he hath dealt with her. Oh my sad fate,
Heere, and so farre from home, and thus attended.
Oh God, I haue diuorc'd the truest Turtles
That euer liu'd together, and being diuided
In seuerall places, make their seuerall mone;
She in the fields laments, and he at home.
So Poets write that Orpheus made the Trees
And stones to dance, to his melodious Harpe,
Meaning the Rusticke and the barbarous Hinds,
That had no vnderstanding part in them:
So she from these rude Carters teares extracts,
Making their flinty hearts with greefe to rise,
And draw downe Riuers from their Rocky eyes.

Anne. If you returne vnto my master say,
(Though not from me; for I am all vnworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpets tongue)
That you haue seene we weepe, wish my selfe dead.
Nay, you may say to (for my vow is past)
Last night you saw me eate and drinke my last.
This to your master you may say and sweare;
For it is writ in heauen, and decreed heere.

Nic. Ile say you wept; Ile sweare you made me sad.
Why how now eyes? what now? what's heere to do?

I'me gone, or I ſhall ſtraite turne baby to.

wen. I cannot weepe, my heart is all on fire;
Curſt be the fruites of my vnchaſte deſire.

Anne. Go breake this Lute vpon my coaches wheele,
As the laſt Muſicke that I ere ſhall make;
Not as my husbands gift, but my farwell
To all earths ioy; and ſo your maſter tell.

Nick. If I can for crying.

wend. Greefe haue done,
Or like a mad-man I ſhall franticke ronne.

Anne. You haue beheld the wofull'ſt wretch on earth;
A woman made of teares: would you had words
To expreſſe but what you ſee. My inward greefe
No tongue can vtter: yet vnto your power
You may deſcribe my ſorrow, and diſcloſe
To thy ſad maſter my abundant woes.

Nic. Ile do your commendations.

Anne. O no:
I dare not ſo preſume; nor to my children;
I am diſclaim'd in both, alas I am:
O neuer teach them when they come to ſpeake,
To name the name of Mother: chide their tongue
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis nought: For when that word they name,
(Poore pretty ſoules) they harpe on their owne ſhame.

wen. To recompence her wrongs, what canſt thou do?
Thou haſt made her husbandleſſe, and childleſſe to.

Anne. I haue no more to ſay. Speake not for me,
Yet you may tell your maſter what you ſee.

Nic. Ile doo't. *Exit.*

wend. Ile ſpeake to her, and comfort her in greefe.
Oh but her wound cannot be cur'd with words:
No matter though, Ile do my beſt good will

To worke a cure on her whom I did kill.

Anne. So, now vnto my Coach, then to my home,
So to my death-bed; for from this sad houre,
I neuer will nor eate, nor drinke, nor taste
Of any Cates that may preserue my life:
I neuer will nor smile, nor sleepe, nor rest.
But when my teares haue wash'd my blacke soule white,
Sweet Sauiour to thy hands I yeeld my sprite.

wend. O mistris Frankford.

Anne. O for Gods sake flye;
The deuill doth come to tempt me ere I dye.
My coach: This sinne that with an Angels face
Conjur'd mine honor, till he sought my wracke,
In my repentant eye seemes vgly blacke.

Exeunt all, the Carters whistling.

Ien. What my yong master that fled in his shirt, how come you by your clothes againe? You haue made our house in a sweet pickle, ha'ye not thinke you? What shall I serue you still, or cleaue to the old house?

wend. Hence slaue, away with thy vnseason'd mirth;
Vnlesse thou canst shed teares, and sigh, and howle,
Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaime on fate,
Thou art not for my turne.

Ien. Marry and you will not, another will: farwell and be hang'd, would you had neuer come to haue kept this quoile within our doores, we shall ha you run away like a spright againe.

wend. Shee's gone to death, I liue to want and woe;
Her life, her sinnes, and all vpon my head.
And I must now go wander like a Caine
In forraigne Countries and remoted climes,
Where the report of my ingratitude
Cannot be heard. Ile ouer first to France

And

And ſo to Germany and Italy;
Where when I haue recouered, and by trauell
Gotten thoſe perfect tongues, and that theſe rumors
May in their heighth abate, I will returne:
And I diuine (how euer now deiected)
My worth and parts being by ſome great man praiſd,
At my returne I may in Court be raiſd. *Exit*

Enter ſir Francis, ſir Charles, Cranwel, and Suſan.

Fran. Brother and now my wife, I thinke theſe troubles
Fall on my head by iuſtice of the heauens,
For being ſo ſtrict to you in your extremities:
But we are now atton'd. I would my ſiſter
Could with like happineſſe orecome her greefes
As we haue ours.

Suſan. You tell vs maſter Cranwel wondrous things,
Touching the patience of that Gentleman,
With what ſtrange vertue he demeanes his greefe.

Cran. I told you what I was witneſſe of,
It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

Fran. O that ſame villen Wendoll, t'was his tongue
That did corrupt her, ſhe was of her ſelfe
Chaſt and deuoted well. Is this the houſe?

Cran. Yes ſir, I take it heere your ſiſter lies.

Fran. My Brother Frankford ſhew'd too milde a ſpirit
In the reuenge of ſuch a loathed crime;
Leſſe then he did, no man of ſpirit could do:
I am ſo farre from blaming his reuenge
That I commend it. Had it bin my caſe
Their ſoules at once had from their breſts bene freed,
Death to ſuch deeds of ſhame is the due meed.

Enter Ienkin.

Ien. O my miſtris, miſtris, my poore miſtris.

Siſly. Alas that euer I was borne, what ſhal I do for my poore miſtris.

Char. Why, what of her?

Ien. O Lord sir, she no sooner heard that her Brother and hir friends were come to see how shee did, but shee for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell into such a swoond, that we had much ado to get life in her.

Suf. Alas that she should beare so hard a fate,
Pitty it is repentance comes too late.

Acton. Is she so weake in body?

Ien. O sir, I can assure you ther's no hope of life in hir, for she will take no sust'nance: she hath plainly staru'd hir selfe, and now shee's as leane as a Lath. She euer lookes for the good houre: many Gentlemen and Gentle-women of the countrey are come to comfort her.

Enter Mistris Frankeford in her bed.

Mal. How fare you mistris Frankford?

Anne. Sicke, sicke, oh sicke: Giue me some aire. I pray
Tell me, oh tell me, where's master Frankford?
Will not deigne to see me ere I die?

Mal. Yes mistris Frankford: diuers Gentlemen
Your louing neighbors, with that iust request
Haue moou'd and told him of your weake estate:
Who though with much ado to get beleefe,
Examining of the generall circumstance,
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithall the great desire
You haue to see him ere you left the world,
He gaue to vs his faith to follow vs,
And sure he will be heere immediately.

An. You haue half reuiu'd me with the pleasing newes;
Raise me a little higher in my bed.
Blush I not Brother Acton? Blush I not sir Charles?
Can you not reade my fault writ in my cheeke?
Is not my crime there, tell me Gentlemen?

Char. Alas good miſtris, ſickneſſe hath not left you
Bloud in your face enough to make you bluſh.

Anne. Then ſickneſſe like a friend my fault wold hide.
Is my husband come? My ſoule but tarries
His arriue, then I am fit for heauen.

Acton. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turn'd to pitty and compaſsionate greefe.
I came to rate you, but my braules you ſee
Melt into teares, and I muſt weepe by thee.
Heres M. Frankford now.

Enter Frankford.

Fran. Good morrow Brother; morrow Gentlemen:
God that hath laid this croſſe vpon our heads,
Might (had he pleaſd) haue made our cauſe of meeting
On a more faire and more contented ground:
But he that made vs, made vs to this woe.

Anne. And is he come? Me thinkes that voice I know.

Fran. How do you woman?

Anne. Well M. Frankford well; but ſhall be better
I hope within this houre. Will you vouchſafe
(Out of your grace, and your humanity)
To take a ſpotted ſtrumpet by the hand?

Fran. This hand once held my heart in faſter bonds
Then now 'tis grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made vs firſt breake hold.

Anne. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeale to heauen, whether I'me now bound,
I was ſo impudent to wiſh you heere;
And once more begge your pardon. Oh (good man)
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me: my fault ſo heynous is,
That if you in this world forgiue it not,
Heauen will not cleere it in the world to come.

Faintneſſe hath ſo vſurp'd vpon my knees
That kneele I cannot: But on my hearts knees
My proſtrate ſoule lies throwne downe at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon: Pardon, O pardon me.
Frank. As freely from the low depth of my ſoule
As my Redeemer hath forgiuen his death.
I pardon thee; I will ſhed teares for thee,
Pray with thee; and in meere pitty of thy weake eſtate,
Ile wiſh to dye with thee.
All. So do we all.
Nick. So will not I,
Ile ſigh and ſob, but by my faith not dye.
Acton. O maſter Frankford, all the neere alliance
I looſe by her, ſhall be ſupply'd in thee;
You are my Brother by the neereſt way,
Her kindred hath fallen off, but yours doth ſtay.
Frank. Euen as I hope for pardon at that day,
When the great Iudge of heauen in ſcarlet ſits,
So be thou pardon'd. Though thy raſh offence
Diuorc'd our bodies, thy repentant teares
Vnite our ſoules.
Char. Then comfort miſtris Frankford,
You ſee your husband hath forgiuen your fall;
Then rouze your ſpirits, and cheere your fainting ſoule?
Suſan. How is it with you?
Acton. How de'ye feele your ſelfe?
Anne. Not of this world.
Frank. I ſee you are not, and I weepe to ſee it.
My Wife, the Mother to my pretty babes;
Both thoſe loſt names I do reſtore thee backe,
And with this kiſſe I wed thee once againe:
Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,
And with that greefe vpon thy death-bed lyeſt,

Honeſt in heart, vpon my ſoule thou dyeſt.
Anne. Pardon'd on earth, ſoule thou in heauen art free,
Once more thy wife, dies thus embracing thee.
Fran. New married, and new widdow'd; oh ſhe's dead,
And a cold graue muſt be her Nuptiall bed.
Char. Sir be of good comfort; and your heauy ſorrow
Part equally amongſt vs: ſtormes diuided.
Abate their force, and with leſſe rage are guided.
Cran. Do maſter Frankford; he that hath leaſt part,
Will finde enough to drowne one troubled hart.
Acton. Peace with thee Nan. Brothers and Gentlemen,
(All we that can plead intereſt in her greefe)
Beſtow vpon her body funerall teares.
Brother, had you with threats and vſage bad
Puniſh'd her ſinne; the greefe of her offence
Had not with ſuch true ſorrow touch'd her heart.
Fran. I ſee it had not: therefore on her graue
Will I beſtow this funerall Epitaph,
Which on her Marble toombe ſhall be ingrau'd.
In golden Letters ſhall theſe words be fill'd;
Heere lyes ſhe whom her Husbands kindneſſe kill'd.

FINIS.

The Epilogue.

AN honeſt Crew, diſpoſed to be merry,
Came to a Tauerne by, and call'd for wine:
The Drawer brought it (ſmiling like a Cherry)
And told them it was pleaſant, neate, and fine.
Taſte it quoth one: He did ſo; Fie (quoth hee)
This wine was good; now t'runs too neere the Lee.

Another ſipp'd to giue the wine his d'ue,
And ſaide vnto the reſt it drunke too flat;
The third ſaid, it was olde; The fourth, too new;
Nay quoth the fift, the ſharpeneſſe likes me not.
Thus Gentlemen you ſee, how in one houre
The wine was new, old, flat, ſharpe, ſweete, and ſoure.

Vnto this wine we do allude our play;
Which ſome will iudge too triuiall; ſome too graue:
You as our Gueſts we entertaine this day,
And bid you welcome to the beſt we haue:
Excuſe vs then; Good wine may be diſgraſt,
When euery ſeuerall mouth hath ſundry taſt.